

THE TATLER

AUGUST, 1920



RUTH ROLAND

TALES &
TOPICS
OF
STAGE &
SCREEN

PRICE
10 CENTS

MOVIE MIRTH MERRIMENT MISINFORMATION

STAGE SCREEN SONG STORIES SATIRE SPICE

One Thing Is Certain

And That Is That
These Three Songs
Will Outsell All Songs of the Season

"In Sweet September"
"My Mammy's Arms"
"Sally Green"

THREE TREMENDOUS HITS!

At All Dealers Now!

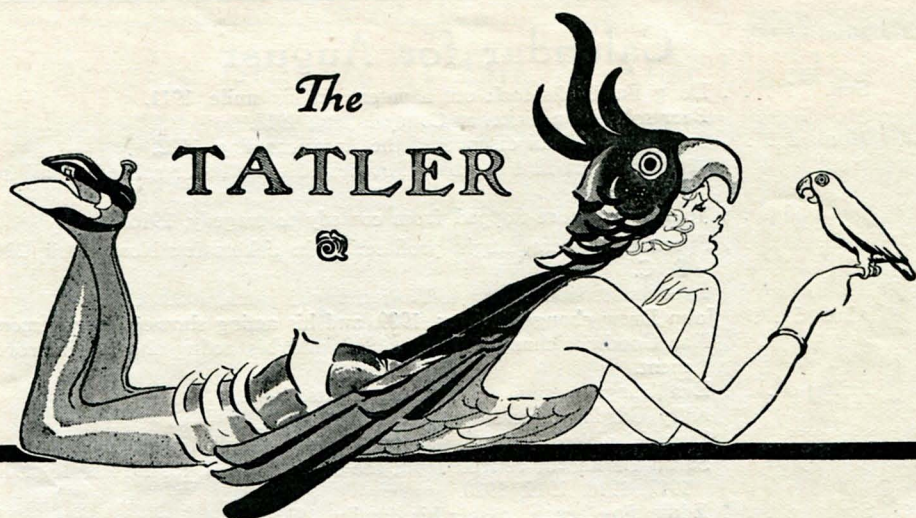


WATERSON, BERLIN AND SNYDER

Song Publishers

Strand Theatre Building

Broadway and 47th Street, New York City



VOL. II

AUGUST, 1920

NO. 7

More Impressions

DOROTHY DICKSON: A moonbeam dancing on the water, a fragile reed waving in a southern breeze, Irene Castle at her best.

FATTY ABRUCKLE: A good natured hippopotamus turned acrobat, a large pair of overalls at a debutante dance.

NAZIMOVA: A red-pepper poultice on a drab world's spine, a sad lady having a tooth drilled, adolescence with its eyes opened.

SAM BERNARD: A delicatessen dealer trying to use the telephone, wisdom concealed by dialect, a bald head speaking through a toupee.

LEON ERROL: The Volstead Act backsliding, the Eighteenth Amendment gone crazy with the heat, a three-legged horse wobbling around the Belmont track.

JOHNNY DOOLEY: A set of clock-springs suddenly released, a flea seeking a vulnerable spot on a Scotchman's shin.

WILLIAM COURTENAY: A sublimated Saturday Evening Post clothing ad.; Beau Brummel on Broadway, a composite of the two Barrymores, Jack and Lionel, a perfect gent.

MARY PICKFORD: A plate of pink ice cream melting in the summer sun, an animated bit of Dresden china, a Peter Pan in skirts.

ED WYNN: An 1876 edition of Hostetter's almanac set to music, a folding chair which collapses during a funeral and sets all the congregation into hysterics, an overgrown kid who has just swiped a blueberry pie off the top shelf.

LOUIS MANN: An Arrow collar ad with a slight accent, a sensitive plant with all its nerves exposed.

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK: A Phil May cartoon with an American sense of humor, an old friend of the family, a plug hat that hasn't heard of the Eighteenth Amendment.

EDDIE CANTOR: A whole Hebrew picnic party riding on a merry-go-round, the Bronx express at 5:30 whistling for a curve.

BEN TURPIN: A hot-dog sandwich at a Delmonico banquet.

Calendar for August

- Sun. 1 . . . Doug Fairbanks took out a patent on his smile, 1911.
Beer sold for a nickel at Coney Island, 1918.
- Mon. 2 . . . George M. Cohan discovered the American flag, 1902.
A chorus girl in Pharaoh's Phollies of 1920 B. C. robbed of all her jewelry.
- Tue. 3 . . . John Barrymore flopped from comedy to tragedy, 1916.
- Wed. 4 . . . Speculators were caught profiteering in tickets for Noah's ark, 2349 B. C.
Speculators don't seem to have changed much, 1920 A. D.
- Thu. 5 . . . John Drew changed tailors, 1909, and his acting showed improvement.
Nat Goodwin changed wives, 1910, and his acting showed improvement.
- Fri. 6 . . . Eva Tanguay gave up wearing tights, 1942.
Kitty Gordon covered up her back, 1931.
- Sat. 7 . . . Ziegfeld picked a homely chorus girl for the Follies of 1998.
Sarah Bernhardt retired from the stage, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920.
- Sun. 8 . . . Eddie Foy began to star his family, 1913.
- Mon. 9 . . . Siphon began to be used for comedy, 1821.
Siphon not quite so good for comedy, 1920.
- Tue. 10 . . . Belasco refused to make a curtain speech, 1941.
- Wed. 11 . . . The shimmy was translated into Hindoo, Spanish and Afghanistanish, 1920.
- Thu. 12 . . . Ushers first hired because of their large hands, 1888.
Last Charlie Chaplin imitation given, 2003.
- Fri. 13 . . . Knock on wood!
- Sat. 14 . . . Beds were invented, 1292.
Beds were put on the stage 1293.
- Sun. 15 . . . William S. Hart learned how to shoot, 1899.
A remarkable woman bought two theatre seats without any unnecessary conversation, 1902.
- Mon. 16 . . . Mantell dropped Shakespeare, 1945.
- Tue. 17 . . . Richard Carle had hair, 1869.
The original Florodora sextette began to multiply, 1901.
- Wed. 18 . . . A member of the Drama League caught himself applauding at the Winter Garden, 1919.
- Thu. 19 . . . Mary Pickford and Theda Bara swapped movie roles, 1930.
The first spy drama appeared on Broadway, 1914.
- Fri. 20 . . . Someone poking around in Greenwich Village accidentally discovered the little theatre movement, 1912.
- Sat. 21 . . . Fudge was first eaten at matinees, 1854.
George Arliss lost his monocle, 1907, and was forced to retire from the stage until he got a new one.
- Sun. 22 . . . People now living can recall the time when Booth Tarkington didn't write plays.
Belasco cut down expenses by kicking out the orchestra in 1914.
- Mon. 23 . . . David Warfield talked about doing "Shylock" in "The Merchant of Venice" in 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919.
- Tue. 24 . . . The "teller in a bank" dialogue was invented, 1731.
The "teller in a bank" dialogue still going strong, 1920.
- Wed. 25 . . . Trained seals were abolished from circuses, 3000 A. D.
A New York cast went on the road intact, 1938.
- Thu. 26 . . . The Hippodrome gave rain checks to everyone who got splattered by the high diving act, 1922.
A pair of 1920 anti-profiteering overalls were placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1940.

(Continued on page 4)

Jessica Brown, At The Winter Garden



Next to Reading Matter

By LISLE BELL

THE average magazine story these days starts off with half a dozen paragraphs and an illustration, and then jumps to the advertising section, where it trickles along between canned milk and floor wax.

It's hard to read straight through even a love passage without spilling over into the paid matter, and getting a distorted idea of what the author is saying. Unless you pay strict attention to the "continued on" guide lines, the result is apt to be something like this:

Halfway down the path, they came to a little shady nook . . . recommended by a generation of users. She was conscious of his manly form . . . built of white pine, and reinforced at the corners. He was her ideal of a prince . . . one of the fifty-seven varieties. As for him, he could not help regarding her . . . the world's most perfect talking machine.

It seemed to him that he would have to tell her how much he loved her . . . combining the purest ingredients. He stroked her hair . . . as different from ordinary macaroni as tenderloin steak is from round steak. She nestled close to his side, ready to . . . refuse substitutes.

"Dearest," he murmured . . . looking like new. "Dearest, this is the moment I have longed for . . . because of its pleasing favor."

She did not answer at once. Her thoughts seemed . . . at the nearest grocery.

He took her hand in his, and held her close . . . allowing the skin to breathe.

"Will you be mine?" he asked, in a tone

. . . recommended by boards of health.

"I have often thought of being a wife," she answered, after a little pause . . . designed to bring out the curves of the figure. "But before I accept," she went on, "I thought I would . . . ask the man who owns one."

"If you mean your father, I am sure he will give his consent. You name the day, and I'll . . . keep contents hot for 24 hours."

He folded her in his arms, and his kisses were . . . supplied direct from the factory.

"Say that you will marry me," he repeated.

"Very well," she whispered, "I'll . . . try it for thirty days."

With that he kissed her again and again . . . showing many different styles and patterns.

JEALOUS

A WONDROUS little maid was Sue,
So soft and shy and cozy;
With twinkling eyes of deepest blue,
And velvet cheeks so rosy.

Yet somehow all the other maids
Did not appreciate her;
They never lost a chance, the jades,
To backbite and berate her.

Which was because—so I infer—
The lass so sweet and lissom,
Had all the fellows fond of her
Because she liked to kissom

(Continued from page 2)

- Fri. 27 . . . A musical show advertised a chorus of forty, and actually had that many, 1925.
New York producers built a new theatre and dedicated it to Anthony Comstock, 0000.
- Sat. 28 . . . Percy Mackaye and Al Woods are planning to collaborate on a play, 1985.
Electric signs were abolished on Broadway 1999.
- Sun. 29 . . . E. W. Dunn was seen without a waistcoat and Frank Wiltach without a smile, 1930.
John and Lionel Barrymore are carrying spears in Ethel's new chewing gum comedy, "Spearmint," 1956.
- Mon. 30 . . . Movie houses throughout the country were closed today to give the ticket sellers a holiday, 1926.
Vegetables first made their appearance on the stage in 1870, coming from the direction of the gallery.
- Tue. 31 . . . A burlesque actress has just retired at the age of seventy-three, being the youngest actress in burlesque ever to retire.

Proving The Case Against Spinelli

When Mlle. Spinelli, reputed to have the shapeliest legs in the world, came here from Paris, her claim to

fame was promptly challenged by numerous American beauties, who said they'd prove she was wrong, and here are three who seem to have done it.



Louise
Groody



Mlle.
Spinelli



Ada Mae Weeks



Ann
Pennington

THE TATLER

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William Mendelssohn
Business Manager

Application for entry as second class matter, pending

What Ho, Mr. Volstead?

WE feel it our duty to call the attention of Mr. Volstead, the father of the prohibition enforcement act, to the fact that a great deal of drinking is going on along Broadway. We have made a thorough investigation and are prepared to give names and places.

It is one of those "painful duties" which come to magazine writers of the newer school. This is sensational, of course, but in order to sell these days, magazine stuff must be sensational. Mr. Volstead should prepare himself for a shock.

Only the other day we saw Mr. William Courtenay preparing a cocktail. He made it right at a sideboard in the Morosco Theatre with many people watching him. These people could be called as witnesses. He gave the cocktail to a lady and she drank it and said it was "very good." Those were her very words. He then made one for himself and drank it and repeated her very words. People in the audience were languishing but he did not pass them around. He did not give the present writer one, and that is why we are exposing him. We also understand that Mr. Courtenay prepares and drinks these cocktails every evening and also on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. But the worst is yet to come. He passed through the dining room and into the living room with a whole tray of cocktails and gave them to the guests at the house, and this right in the heart of New York. One of the guests named Willie became very tipsy.

We have seen Mr. Jack Hazzard standing on the upper deck of the night boat with a pint flask in his hip pocket exposed. Many people saw this. Several of the passengers retired with him into the cabin of the boat and consumed this liquor.

We saw Mr. William Collier take twenty drinks right out of a decanter in one evening in "The Hottentot." Both he and the butler admitted that it was old rye. Whenever Mr. Collier tapped a bell, the butler brought another drink. There were men in the audience who rushed out with their hands over their eyes, after Mr. Collier's tenth drink, saying that they could stand it no longer. One or two other persons in Mr. Collier's party were seen to take drinks, quite openly.

Mr. Leon Errol has been quite defiant in appearing right in public in an inebriated condition. He has hardly been able to navigate at times and has broken the furniture and chinaware quite promiscuously. Thousands of people have seen him during the past season and he has perhaps caused more envy than any man in New York. Others who have been seen mixing or taking drinks openly before enlightened audiences are Mr. Sam Bernard and Mr. Charles Cherry.

We feel that Mr. Volstead should know this as this is a magazine with a conscience and which while liberal in its ideas, cannot stand idly by and see his law disregarded as flagrantly as it is on Broadway at the present time.

The Latest Style—Paint

WHAT is going to reduce the high price of clothing? Overalls won't do it, but something has been found—paint.

Tights are so expensive this season, and they wear out so quickly, that the proprietor of one of the girlie shows on Broadway has adopted paint as a substitute. Paint covers the—er—what shall we call them—of all the girls, and they look quite snappy—durned if they don't.

There's something in that. Cloth is sold by the yard. Paint is not. Paint is sold by the gallon, like something else used to be. Nobody has ever stopped to figure out how many yards of paint there are in a gallon, but there are a great many—also a


great many pairs of tights, if we may descend to the language of the stage.

Economical? You said it.

Judging by the musical shows we have seen recently, and the amount of cloth in the costumes, a pint of paint should last a careful chorus girl a whole season.

Paint does not wear out readily and never ravel. A man, for instance, could wear a pair of paint trousers for a long time and they would never bag at the knee—they would never have to go to the pressers. If he decided to wear his lavender trousers to the seashore it would be only a matter of a few minutes with a brush. And there would be no fear of moths.

(Continued on next page)



Mlle. Simone Dherlys, the sensational and daring French dancer, who says she is coming over here and dance just like this!

Hints to Summer Widowers

Of course every Summer widower hates to wash dishes while the wife is away. The thing to do is to use up every dish in the house, stack them up on the fire-escape and pray for rain.

There are ways in which one may keep from becoming too lonely. After a man has been a Summer widower for five or six seasons he begins to tumble to them. If a man is a reasonably good poker player he may win enough to keep his wife at the resort an extra month. The general inclination is to play hard and cleverly.

If the eggs stick to the bottom of the skillet, the thing to do is to open the dumb-waiter door, turn the skillet upside down and bang it vigorously against the bottom of the door frame. The janitor may be looking up the dumb-waiter at the time, but he does so at his own risk. Janitors are too snoopy, anyhow.

The way to remove a pasteboard top from a milk bottle is to jab it with the thumb, which causes all the cream on the top of the bottle to enter one's right eye and the remaining milk to expend itself on one's waistcoat.

After all the towels, bed sheets and tablecloths in the house have been used, the thing

to do is to go to a good hotel.

If you sleep on top of the bed every night and don't get inside of it, you won't have to make the bed all Summer long.

The hardened Summer widower can eat boiled eggs three times a day, and for variety can piece out on bananas and doughnuts.

The Summer widower can have but one steak during the season because after he uses the frying pan once and gets it full of grease he doesn't know how to clean it. It is best to wait several weeks and have the steak when you are good and hungry.

As for laundry, it is best to live very near a good gent's furnishing store.

It is best to go to the restaurant once a day and get measured for a square meal, and after you have eaten said square meal go home and boil a few more eggs and cut into another section of boiled ham.

The way to sweep a floor is to push the carpet sweeper ahead of you, like a lawnmower, and not pull it behind you like an express wagon. When the carpet sweeper is full and won't hold any more sweepings, put it away in the closet until the wife comes home.

(Continued from page 7)

As for shirts, the imagination may run riot. Stripes, checks and mixed goods are offered by the paint manufacturers in an infinite variety. Never mind how the laundries would make a living.

A pair of socks painted on would fill a long-felt want now that socks are selling for a dollar a foot. Paint socks would be cool. One statistician has figured it out that there are seven dozen pairs of Sox in an ordinary small-sized can of paint.

If the custom becomes general a man will be able to buy his wife a whole set of gowns for the seashore for \$1.65. He can give her four small cans of paint—a blue, a pink, a green and a yellow—and a five-cent brush and tell her to go and have a good time.

As for the man himself, he would never have to go home to dress for the evening. He could change from a business suit to a dinner outfit with a can of black and a can of white paint, the latter for the collar, cuffs, shirt front and spats, and he could paint on the black bow tie, which would be much easier than tying it.

QUESTIONS OF STATE

THE White House has a private projection room, where the president attends picture shows almost every day. Which leads us to wonder the following seven wonders:

(1) Do you suppose the president attaches any political significance to the notice which always appears at the top of the programme, telling him to "look around now, and choose the nearest exit?"

(2) Does any one ever accidentally sit down in the President's lap?

(3) Does Mr. Wilson ever eat peanuts during the show?

(4) Has an actor who has appeared (on the screen) at the White House movies a right to advertise that he has had a private audience before the President?

(5) How long does the President think a movie embrace should last?

(6) Does Mr. Wilson applaud loudly when they flash pictures of Harding and Debs?

(7) Who censors the shows for the President?

How To Keep Cool

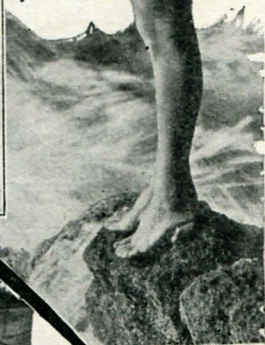
*Marie Prevost on the bow
of a speed boat*



*Annette
Kellerman's
well
known
recipe*



*Tot
Quallers
Makes
Herself
Com-
fortable*



*Not a care
in the world*

*Dainty Lola Fisher
prefers the comfort
of a negligee*



The Lady In the Case

By DE VAUX THOMPSON

WHEN a murder is committed, any time or any place,
The authorities start looking for "the woman in the case."
She is more than off' a lady
With a reputation shady.
Neither prudish nor old-maidy
Is the woman in the case.
And before they find the weapon or the motive of the crime
Or the victim's name or address (they can find that any time)
They prepare a mental picture of the prepossessing face
Of a lady who is charming, who has pulchritude and grace
And a female hypothetical, mysterious, they chase.
She's the "woman in the case."

When a millionaire goes bankrupt and his margins cannot face.
The referee says: "Surely, there's a woman in the case.
From a standpoint comprehensive,
She's a woman who's expensive,"
So he starts a strong offensive
At the woman in the case.
For the gentlemanly bankrupt couldn't have spent all his wealth,
Single-handed in an innocent, platonic search for health
And he must have had assistance in the blowing of the dough
And who could help him better than some lady he might know?
An expert in the fascinating come-ons of her race—
"She's the woman in the case."

And how often, oh, how often in proceedings for divorce,
All the tabbies in the village have just cause to say: "Of course,
It's the usual contention,
That of outraging convention.
It is needless quite to mention,
There's a woman in the case."
And they sit and wait, a-flutter, do the dowagers and mammas
'Till the lawyer yells: "Exhibit A—the filmy pink pajamas
Of the woman in the case."

When a taxicab is wrecked and the policemen reach the place,
They observe a fleeting figure, she's the "woman in the case."
She gets out of there instanter,
And she swaps no idle banter
And they don't have time to "slant" her.
She's the "woman in the case."

She's been at it since this planet started shimmying through space.
And her speed is not retarded as the years draw on apace.
She is most exasperating
And she keeps us extirpating
By her foibles unabating
And her fascinating grace
She has kept the world excited, kept it wondering and cursin',
And the headlines always tell us that an "interesting person"
Is the "woman in the case."

An actor got to comparing salaries with a motion picture star the other day before an excited crowd of rooters. In the seventh inning, the motion picture star was \$1,000 ahead with the actor coming strong.

Ann Pennington



Charming and Popular Star in George White's "Scandals."

Some Summer Sums

- 1 OLD-FASHIONED farm house + 4 rooms + 10 cots = 1 "Summer resort."
 1 moon + 1 hammock + 1 maid + 1 man = 1 engagement.
 (Lunch \div 6) + (worms, bugs, ants, etc. \times 999) + 1 thunder-shower = 1 picnic.
 1 pr. Panama trousers + 1 near-silk shirt + 1 genuine \$2 Panama hat + 1 fall in lake = 1 indecent exposure.
 Vacation : Man :: Run on bank : Bank account.
 1 fuzzy caterpillar + interior 1 shirtwaist worn by 1 girl = 7 fits and 3 spells hysterics.
 1 cow + 1 well = "fresh" milk.
 1 girl - 1 hat + 1 hot sun = 726354 freckles.
 1 wife in country on 1 vacation = 1 husband in city having 1 rest.
 1 veranda + 1 golf fiend + 8 highballs = 19th hole.
 1 purse - \$5 = end of vacation.
 1 wife at resort + 1 affinity at same resort = 1 husband in city + 1 or more affinities in same city.
 1 watermelon + 3 cucumbers + 1 glass milk + 1 pint cherries = 829376 cramps + 1 hurry call for doctor.
 Flattery + love talk + embraces + kisses \times application = wedding bells.
 5 whiskies + 3 cocktails + 1 bottle wine + 1 automobile = 1 funeral.
 (Young man \div 12 young women) + (1 ice cream parlor + 1 movie theater) = 1 wire to father for more money.

Summer Limericks and Some Are Worse

A KINDLY old gent on the beach
 Heard a girl in the surf give a
 screech,

"Go back, you old goat,
 All I want is your coat!"
 She yelled when he rushed in and tried
 to drag her out.

There was a young chappie named Fwed-
 die,

Who tried to be real rough and ready,
 So he drank ginger ale
 Till his features went pale,
 The durn stuff went right to his headdie.

A hundred-and-two-year-old party
 By the euphonious name of McCarthy
 Drank rum every day,
 And he often would say,
 "But for that I would be hale and
 hearty."

A boarding house keeper named Skinner
 Was glad when his boarders got thinner;
 Said he, "Now I'm able
 To seat more at the table
 At breakfast and luncheon and dinner."

A near-sighted parson from Casses
 Was told of the bold bathing lasses,
 "Oh mercy!" said he,
 "Why, I didn't see,"

And he got him some much stronger
 glasses.

A naturalist on from South Bend
 Was collecting insects with a friend.
 He picked up a bee,
 Dropped it and yelled, "Gee!
 I musta grabbed the wrong end."

Miss Myrtle Penelope Keat
 Wrote poetry soulful and sweet;
 When it came dinner time
 She passed up the rhyme
 And murmured, 'Oh, gimme pigs' feet!'

A guy named Sylvester O'Shea,
 Earning fifty-two dollars a day,
 Wed a girl named Hortense,
 And now his expense
 Is fifty-two dollars a day.

A garter snake slid o'er the hose
 Of an innocent girlie named Rose,
 She left out a yell
 That sounded very much like a steam
 calliope,
 And what the snake thinks, no one knows.

A girlie named Jeanie MacWhistle
 Sat down in the grass on a thistle.
 I met Jeanie next day,
 But all she would say
 Was "What lovely weather we're having."

A Pair Of Mack Sennett's Mermaids

*Phyllis
Haver*



*Harriet
Hammond*

Disillusion

A Slice of Life, Cut Thin, and Buttered on Both Sides

(Translated from the Russian by Ivan Ivanidea)

WE are seated in a modern theatre for those who think. Consequently, the seats are uncomfortable and the air is a trifle off-color.

There is no orchestra, because the Drama League can't think in competition with music. There is an apron stage, however, with its apron strings untied. People are telling one another what they think of Shakespeare, but Shakespeare isn't there to defend himself, and no one seems inclined to take his part.

The asbestos rises. Two characters are seated before the fire. The lights are dim, just barely bright enough to show that one is a woman and the other a man. They look Russian, and all the Drama Leaguers heave a sigh of content. They lean forward and breathe down the necks of those in front of them.

All is silence.

A clock ticks on the mantel, and a bed ticks in an adjoining room.

The Man (*sadly*): We've been married eighteen years, haven't we, old girlovitch?

The Woman (*she must be his wife*): You said it, old worse-halfsky.

The Man: It's two years since your mother passed on, isn't it?

The Woman (*sighing*): Yes; she has departed, and we no longer have her with us.

The Man: I admit the departure, but I'm not so sure about the rest of it.

The Woman: Speaking of mother, there is something which she would never let me tell you.

The Man: She was probably saving it up to spring on me herselfovitch.

The Woman: No. This was something which I should have told you before we were married, but she made me keep silence.

The Man (*sighing*): That's more than I've ever been able to do.

The Woman (*gently*): No compliments, please. This is a serious moment.

The Man: All moments are serious in Russian drama. Especially pay day.

The Woman: Have you never suspected what I didn't tell you?

The Man (*nobly*): No; I never suspected even what you did tell me.

The Woman: Now that mother is gone—for all practical purposes, I think it no more than right to reveal the secret which I have kept from you all these eighteen years.

The Man: There must be something wrong with a secret which a woman can keep for eighteen years. (*He seizes her by the wrist suspiciously, and shakes her tentatively*). Come, woman, out with it!

The Woman (*wrenches herself free, and crosses the room, limping slightly*): Unhand me, most unhandy husband!

The Man: Not so loud. You'll wake the husbands in the audience.

The Woman: Let me ask you one question, before I divulge my secret. Have you ever noticed that I limp?

The Man (*thoughtfully*): Now that you speak of it: I have noticed.

The Woman (*triumphantly*): This is my secret. Mother would never let me tell you that my left leg is artificial. It is corks, corks, corks!

(*The Man gazes at her a moment, then he reaches up and turns out the artificial gas*).

CURTAIN

Hotel rooms are so scarce, they are converting some of the largest hotels into business blocks.

The fellow in vaudeville who advertises himself as "the half-pint comedien" is not alone. There are a lot of them on Broadway these days.

Statistics are wonderful. If all the electric light bulbs seen on Broadway in one evening were placed in one pile, they would reach up quite a way.

An actress who was collecting alimony from four ex-husbands, had a bit of bad luck the other day. One of them went into bankruptcy and another died.

Verses by Our Own Pet Vamp

I'D like to go to Cuba,
 I would, I would, I would.
 For really, now, it seems to me,
 With everything so glad and free,
 The hunting would be good.

To vamp or not to vamp,
 That is the question.
 Whether it is nobler of the heart
 To suffer the slings and arrows
 Of a humble fortune
 And labor at the washboard,
 Or ride in limousines
 And wear rich sables—
 Perhaps that is the consummation
 Devoutly to be wished.

Vamp, Vamp, Vamp,
 The girls are march-
 ing.

Cheer up sisters
 and be gay.

Every minute one
 is born

'Mid the
 pumpkins
 and the
 corn

And they'll
 always
 flock to
 see

The Great
 White
 Way.

I wed an aged millionaire

Of four score years and ten.

I thought I'd be a widow soon

He was so old—and then

He played the meanest trick on me.

'Twas tough, you will allow.

He had some sheep glands grafted and

He's only twenty now.

I belong to the Home Wreckers' Union.

I lure fickle men by my wiles.

But it's tough going now,

I'm obliged to allow,

The society dame,

She has ruined my game

By wearing the present-day
 styles.

Wine, Women and
 Song—

And the average
 dome

Of the average
 man

Holds no
 thought
 of home.

But take
 a way

Wine—

And the

Women

and

Song

Have a pret-
 ty tough
 time

In getting
 along.



Mlle.
 Agnes
 Louet

*Just proclaimed the most
 beautiful girl in France,
 following a country-
 wide contest in which
 thousands had entered.*

Some Unsung Summer Resorts

BORNEO.—The Summeriest Summer resort in these parts. Fire places unknown, good golf course along the equator. The natives do NOT dress for dinner. Bornese bungalows made in fifteen minutes, while you wait, out of a couple of giant jungle leaves and a bamboo pole. No electric lights to attract flies, no icemen to track up kitchen. No frosts.

SAHARA.—Ideal place for lovers of warm weather. No mountains to obstruct view—no danger of children getting drowned, as there are no bodies of water near. Perfect quiet assured, out of the sound of elevated trains and strawberry hucksters. No extra charge for sand for children to play in.

HONDURAS.—Something interesting all the time. Greatest variety of tropical snakes in existence. Wild parrots and other beautiful birds to be viewed without extra charge. No skating rinks, no ice cream parlors, no bothersome bellhops clanking ice in pitchers to keep you awake nights.

PARKER SNOW BAY.—Latitude 79. Ideal Summer resort. Mosquitoes unknown. None seen here in memory oldest inhabitant. Informal furs for dinner, dancing every evening by daylight. Good fishing, good shooting, good light night.

ETAH.—Try our swell meals at Cook's Farthest North House; blubber chops, bear-fat croquettes, gull egg omelettes. Cool, bracing air; not a case of sunstroke reported since the close of glacial period.

POLARIUM.—Quietest Summer resort on earth. It is above all others. Coolest nights, very select, no crowds, no noise, no nothing. Address, North Pole, U. S. A.

A Reformer

By ROY K. MOULTON

I AM a reformer. Do I drink or smoke?	Some people hear nightingales sing in the trees.
I don't.	I don't.
Life's a postmortem. Do I ever joke?	Some smell the rare perfume of flowers in the breeze.
I don't.	I don't.
Some people think it is all right to smile	Some think that the bounties of Nature are sweet;
And try to be glad once or twice in awhile.	That this life is good and it's laws are complete.
They think they've a right their own time to beguile.	They see something else beside sin and deceit.
I don't.	I don't.
Some people still call this "the land of the free."	The liberal man gives his fellows a show.
I don't.	I don't.
They think they can live without orders from me.	They shrink from extending a cowardly blow.
I don't.	I don't.
There's many a husband and many a wife,	I want to see joy laid away in quick-lime.
Who don't care for blue laws, oppression and strife.	I wallow in sordidness, scandal and crime.
They think they're entitled to some joy in life.	You may think that I have a wonderful time.
I don't.	I don't.

If you want to know about shoes, ask a shoemaker. If you want to know about spats, ask any married man.

Three Charmers in "Cinderella on Broadway"



Maryon
Vadie

Burtress Deitch

Doris Lloyd

How To Be Happy Though Heated

THERE are several plans for ensuring comfort in hot weather.

One is to sit at a table and eat frankfurters. This method has much to recommend it, but it is a fact that few men will stick to it after the sixth or seventh frankfurter, and of course, as soon as you move about you cease to remain cool.

Another method is to visit a friend who lives in the suburbs with the idea of lying in a hammock suspended on his front porch. So long as you stay carefully inside his home and lie in a Morris chair, the idea is not so bad, but the hammock idea is a delusion.

Usually the children have fastened the thing up so that the knots give way under your weight. No more may be said on this part of it.

Or you find that your feet are up in the air and your head about the level of the ground. Or your head and feet are both up in the air and you are shut up like a pair of scissors.

And if you try to slap the mosquitos you fall out of the hammock. And no man with red blood in his veins will let a mosquito drink it without some protest.

However, even this plan is better than staying quietly at home with your coat off, reading the account of the game, and occasionally taking a bottle out of the ice box.

Yet another method by which one may spend the hottest hours of the day in a pleasant manner is the rathskeller plan. A cave in the ground is cool in Summer, but a cave under the sidewalk is usually lacking in air and is in close touch with the furnace and boilers of whatever building it nestles under. However, all these disadvantages are overcome by the electric fan.

The electric fan was invented by a physician with whom business was dull. He now owns seven or eight sanitariums. Thus we see that by inventing the electric fan the physician conferred a great boon upon himself.

By getting close in front of an electric fan that does not flop languidly from side to side, it is possible to get a breeze down your collar that will render the slightest movement of your neck excruciatingly painful for weeks afterwards. This is one of the most popular cooling off methods known. A similar scheme is to get in the front car of a subway express and have the dust driven into your skin by compressed air.

But any of these plans, as we have remarked, is better than staying at home. Summer was made for outdoor enjoyment, and you must enjoy yourself, no matter how uncomfortable it makes you.

The City Man's Vacation

He hears he is to have two weeks.
He tears to the railway station.
He accumulates fifty folders.
He hurries home and spreads them out.
He holds a long conference with the wife.

He decides to go to the seashore.
He learns that his wife prefers the mountains.

He agrees to a compromise with her.
He agrees to go to the mountains.
He plans three weeks for the big vacation.

He is sick and tired of the noise in town.
He has an apartment near the elevated.
He says the roar of trains kills him.
He knows it will be immense in the country.

He plans fourteen nights of sound sleep.
He gets on the train with his wife.
He arrives at the old farm in the hills.
He is welcomed by the wife's folks.

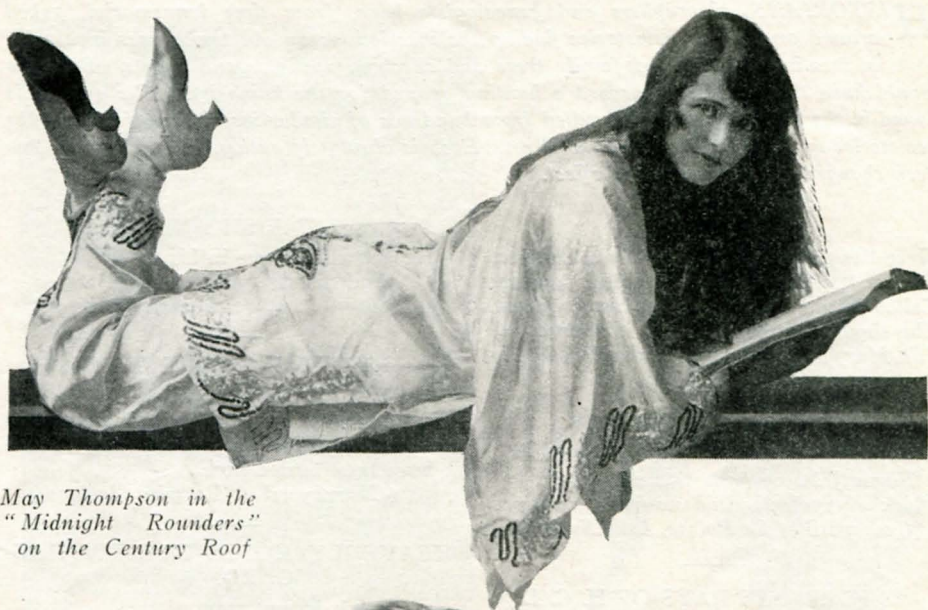
He jumps into bed with a whoop.
He gets ready for the big snooze.
He hears some strange sounds.
He hears tree-toads and crickets.
He hears the old hound baying at the moon.

He slaps at mosquitoes.
He gets to sleep about four o'clock.
He sleeps a half hour and then—
He hears the hired man getting up.
He tries it again the next night—
He makes up his mind on the fourth day.

He leaves his wife on the old farm, and—

He beats it back to the noisy city.
He crawls into bed in the old apartment.
He hears the "L" trains banging away.
He hears the rattle and roar of wagons.
He hears a thousand auto horns, but—
He doesn't hear them long, because—
He is sound asleep in five minutes.

"Here's Looking at You"



*May Thompson in the
"Midnight Rounders"
on the Century Roof*



*La Sylphe in "Scandals
of 1920" at the Globe*

Light Lines on a Grave Subject

HISTORIANS, biographers and genealogists have, from time immemorial, poked around among our cemeteries finding the inscriptions on old tombstones invaluable in locating the roots of family trees and checking up dates and events. But who would have thought the graveyard a hunting ground for the humorist? The answer is found in the following epitaphs, culled from hundreds of similar inscriptions found in the cemeteries of New England and the West. Each is absolutely authentic, and not one has been changed or rearranged for effect.

TOO SOON!

Here lies the body of Mary Ann Lowder.
She burst while drinking a seidlitz powder;
Called from this world to her heavenly rest,
She should have waited 'till it effervesced.
(*St. Mary's Churchyard, Burlington, N. J.*)

PERIL OF POPULARITY.

This stone was erected to the memory of
Edgar Johnson, who was shot as a
Mark of esteem by his surviving relatives.
(*Graveyard at La Pointe, Lake Superior.*)

BEFORE THE DAYS OF H. C. L.

Beneath this stone our baby lays,
He neither cries nor hollers.
He lived just one and twenty days
And cost us forty dollars.
(*Burlington, Iowa.*)

A BRASS MOUNTED HEAVEN

This yere is sakrid to the memory of
William Henry Skaraken, who was shot
by Colt's revolver—one of the old kind
brass mounted, and of sich is the king-
dom of heaven.

(*San Diego, Cal.*)

FAIR EXCHANGE

Here lodged within his blanket here below
Lie the last remains of old Orono;
Worn down with toil and care, in a trice
He exchange his wigwam for a Paradise.
(*Oldtown, Me., over the body of Orono,
Chief of the Penobscot Indians. He
died at the age of 113, in the year 1801*)

A FREE VERSE FINISH

Here lies cut down like unripe fruit
The wife of Deacon Amos Schute;
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anny Dominy eighteen forty.
(*A stone in Still River, Conn.*)

EAT FISH AND SING

He got a fish bone in his throat,
And then he sang an angel note.
(*Schenectady, N. Y.*)

SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR

Here lies John Higley, whose father and
mother were drowned in their passage to
America. Had they lived they would
have been buried here.
(*Churchyard at Beturbet, Ireland.*)

HEAVENLY HOPES IN NEW HAG- GARD.

Patrick is my name,
Ireland is my nation,
New Haggard is my dwelling place,
And Heaven my expectation.
(*Over the grave of
Patrick Jourdan, Amboy, Ill.*)

HAPPY THO' MARRIED

Here lies the man Richard
And Mary, his wife;
Their surname was Pritchard,
They lived without strife.

And the reason was plain,
They abounded in riches,
They had no care nor pain,
And the wife wore the breeches.
(*Essex, England.*)

AN EARLY BEGINNING

Sacred to the memory of
Charley and Varley,
Sons of loving parents who died in infancy.
(*Burial ground at Middletown, Conn.*)

AN ACROBATIC DEPARTURE

In memory of Jane Bent,
who kicked up her heels, and away she went.
(*On an ancient tombstone in Rockville,
Mass.*)

Screen Stars At Play



*Bebe Daniels
as Babe Ruth*



*Bonnie Hill
Ready for a
Drive*



*Priscilla
Dean Likes
Variety*



Oh, Governor, Where Do You Live?

AT last, a pure, innocent, undefiled soul has been discovered in Greenwich Village. It belongs to old Bill Sulzer, who used to be Governor of New York until he got impeached for it. You wouldn't think that a person who had lived in Albany could be so innocent and unspoiled as Sulzer, and you'd think that he'd know something about the Village, because he lives in it. But, apparently, he is as innocent as a new-born lamb.

Sulzer happened to overhear the other day that a new theatre is to be erected in Greenwich Village, whereupon he girded up his loins, bristled up his pompadour, and brushed up his vocabulary, as follows:

"We want no vile theatre, dirty moving picture house, or dissolute dance hall to lure the little innocents from the path of piety to the pitfalls of hell. We residents of Greenwich Village are God-fearing people, who want their children uncontaminated by any such infamy."

Poor old Sulzer, how innocent he is! How little he knows Greenwich Village, the

much-advertised home of the loose and undusted arts!

As we used to say in algebra, let X equal the unknown.

Then, Sulzer is to Greenwich Village as X is to X-governor.

Which was to be proved.

Anyway, Sulzer hasn't been told that the Village is the place where they spell wickedness with a little wick.

He hasn't become acquainted with the figleaf of freedom. He doesn't know the difference between the manner of free verse and the banner of free love.

He couldn't pronounce "bal primitif," let alone dress the part.

Hasn't he been told that true Villagers pretend to be completely clothed without the aid of a sewing machine, and completely kept without the aid of a husband?

Apparently not.

Poor old Sulzer! The only way he resembles the Village is by letting his hair grow long. But perhaps he does that to keep from seeing the dreadful goings-on in all the little tea rooms.

What the Camera Misses

NOT all the hair-breadth escapes, and hair-raising adventures, and hair-pulling fights, and hair-rowing experiences of the movie stars take place in front of a camera.

Sometimes the very biggest scenes of their filmy lives are consummated with the camera man far away. That, for instance, is the reason why Frank Mayo, Universal film star, absolutely refuses to sleep in a feather bed—because of the associations which he has with feathers in another capacity.

Mayo was down in Tennessee completing several pictures dealing with moonshine cabins, mountaineers, revenue officers and bloody feuds.

One day, Mayo, who was cast in the role of a revenue officer searching for "dew-drop" and wore the regulation costume even to the badge, went out for a solitary stroll among the mountains.

"Half way up a deep rocky gulch," says Mayo, "I suddenly found myself staring into the business end of an unpleasant rifle, and ordered to 'put 'em up, and reach high.'"

"He was the kind of mountaineer you read about, so I did as instructed. I tried

to explain, and then I tried to make a joke out of it, but he wasn't that kind of mountaineer. He thought he had bagged a revenue officer, and was taking no chances.

"He marched me up the mountain side, and into a cabin, where he was joined by four others. They held a whispered consultation, examined my badge, and then while one kept guard over me, the others began to heat a bucket of tar. They also had a pillow.

"'We ain't sure what your business is,' said one of the mountaineers. 'Maybe you're a revenue officer, and maybe you ain't. Ef we was sure about it, you'd get a bullet. Since we're doubtful like, it's tar and feathers for you.'

"Just as they led me outside, I heard someone coming along the trail whistling, and recognized an old fellow named Manse, who was one of our guides. Manse had to explain until he was red in the face, before those mountaineers were convinced that I was harmless and released me. So I just barely missed that coat of tar and feathers, and as I say—somehow I can't bear the thought of a feather bed, even to this day."

"Music Hath Charms"



*Eleanor Dell, of the
"Midnight Frolic,"
soothed by the strains of
some sort of an instru-
ment played by Priscilla
Dean*

Rubaiyat of the Has-Beens

WHO knows in what secluded distant hole
 He lies who called loud for his pipe and bowl;
 Who posed proud o'er the Knickerbocker bar—
 Who knows the lonely fate of Old King Cole?

The voice of recollection vainly calls
 For one and pages him in pits and stalls.
 What has befallen, will some spirit tell,
 The Broadwayite who wore the overalls?

Once lustily we cheered upon his way
 A warrior of France, come for a fray
 With Monsieur J. D'Empsey for the belt—
 What has become of Georges Carpentier?

And once there went, through village and through town,
 A statesman-lawyer who had won renown—
 Attorney General, we think his title was—
 Who said he'd bring the cost of living down.

One went about as quiet as a mouse—
 And on all conversation put the douse—
 Mysterious—the power behind the throne.
 Say, what can have become of Colonel House?

He wore a beard o'er which we did enthuse.
 His name a grand old party once did use.
 Conventions now may come and they may go
 But no one hears a word of Charles E. Hughes.

And once there sat a figure stern and grim,
 Who kept us out of war and with a vim
 He started off the Brotherhood of Man.
 Does anyone know what's become of him?

A vice-crusader started out at night,
 To set the evils of the city right—
 A minister who nosed around here and there,
 Where can the reverend have flown his kite?

A man who kept a family of five
 On forty cents a day and stayed alive,
 Has not been interviewed in quite a spell.
 Into what dark, deep river did he dive?

DE VAUX THOMPSON.

A pertinent question we would say is asked by the following movie advertisement:
 "Douglas McLean in 'What's Your Husband Doing' with Mary's Ankle."

Some of the theater managers are getting to be particular. They will not allow
 their patrons to park Fords in the theater lobbies, during a performance.

During the shortage of nurses, "Roll your own" is the motto in baby carriage
 circles.

There are many crooks and turns in Broadway life—more crooks than turns.

Dorothy Dale's Career

By ROY K. MOULTON

THE experiences of a pretty young girl from a small Michigan town seeking a motion picture career in New York. She is befriended by a chorus girl named Margot Dupre, whose birth name was Margaret Dugan. In the course of months, Dorothy drifts into the routine of the gay life of Broadway and is working as a chorus girl in a Broadway show. One night when emerging from Hector's, a famous cafe, with a party of friends, she accidentally meets Bob Whitely, her boyhood sweetheart, who has come to New York.

CHAPTER V.

IT was six weeks after he had first seen Dorothy in New York—the night in front of Hector's, before Bob Whitely was able to locate her. He had haunted the theatres in vain. He had heard vaguely that she was in some chorus.

She had been cool and, in a manner, exceedingly reserved of speech the night they had met, and the young giant from the Michigan woods had hardly known her, so changed was she from the young creature who had wished him farewell in Pineville.

It had seemed a great stroke of luck to Bob to be summoned to New York to take a responsible position with the contracting firm he had represented in the west, but this meant little to him now. He could not get the picture of her out of his mind. So quickly had she acquired the Broadway veneer—the impertinent manner of speech, the supercilious stare, the rouge, the painted lips, the strangely marcelled hair.

She had spoken only a few words with him and she had been rushed so hurriedly to her taxicab by her friends, that he had only had time to tell her of his business advancement. He had looked for a smile of welcome when he told her that he would be located permanently in the city, but the announcement had seemed to annoy her. In fact, this annoyance was practically the only emotion she had displayed. He had followed her to the cab and was about to ask her address when the door was slammed and he had stood alone on the sidewalk.

Upon this Sunday morning Bob glanced over the theatrical section of one of the great morning papers when he was suddenly transfixed by the portrait of the lady of his dreams, but in an attitude and an attire which caused the young gentleman to doubt his eyes. The face was hers certainly. As for the rest, he took the picture for granted. Dorothy was hailed as a new beauty from the west who had become

prominent in the chorus of "The Cafe Girl," a reigning Broadway production.

The picture lost none of its suggestiveness in the caption. The man who had written the lines to accompany the vision of the beautiful girl had not lacked words to burn the soul of Bob Whitely. He had described her well-rounded form in language which Broadway had come to take for granted and the picture itself bore him out. The lady, plainly speaking, was wearing a skirt which reached almost half way from her waist to her knees and she was posed as if in the midst of an oriental dance. Her legs were bare and the beautiful shoulders were unadorned. It was hinted that the young lady had been given a solo dance, being drafted from the chorus for that purpose.

The picture gave Bob the clew that he needed and in the rage that consumed him he tore the offending sheet to bits and determined that he would see her.

The next night he was at the stage door of the theater and sent in his card. He received no reply. Unaware of the fact that he had omitted a very important part of the proceeding in not handing the doorman a substantial tip, or in fact any tip at all, of course he did not know that the card was never delivered but thrown in a waste-basket along with fifty others.

He waited until matinee day, Wednesday, and sent a modest bunch of violets that he had bought for not more than three times what they were worth. He enclosed his address and begged for a meeting with Dorothy.

"Nothing simpler," was the reply he received. "I will take dinner with you at 6 o'clock tomorrow evening. Call for me at 2367 W. Forty-eighth street, Apartment 27."

He arrived at the apartment house promptly on time and had the switchboard connect him with the apartment occupied by Dorothy and Margot Dupre. He was

(Continued on next page)

DOROTHY DALE'S CAREER

(Continued from page 25)

not asked up stairs but waited in the rather showy vestibule.

When Dorothy came down, Margot came with her.

"My girl friend," said Dorothy simply. "She's going with us. You don't mind."

"Of course not," stammered Bob, lying like a gentleman. The reception was not what he had expected.

"Where shall we go?" asked Dorothy. "I'm ravenous."

"I know a nice little place," said Bob. "I've eaten there often. Italian cooking."

"I abhor those joints," said Dorothy. "Let's go to Hector's."

If Bob had thought that two Broadway chorus girls would go to a modest place on a side-street, he had been laboring under a misapprehension. He had been elected to take the two girls to the most expensive place on Broadway early in the day. Incidentally, it takes the male mind much longer to grasp the Broadway customs than it does the female mind.

Margot took no part in the conversation except to say that she didn't think she ought to go. She thought Bob might like to have Dorothy alone for one hour. Dorothy would not listen to this and Bob also vetoed Margot's proposition. In fact, he rather liked this slangy young person who seemed to be so much on the square. But he did want to talk to Dorothy alone. He had something to say about the picture in the Sunday paper and he meant to say it.

They found themselves inside of Hector's and Bob was surprised to see the look of recognition given the two girls by the head-waiter as he showed them to an unoccupied table. It was here that the first seeds of lurking doubt were sown in the heart of the young fellow.

It was not a happy dinner party for Bob. The elaborate setting of the place sort of disgusted him. He could not figure how Dorothy could afford to frequent it.

"Well, Dorothy," said Bob, after they had ordered, "you have changed."

"Isn't it the truth?" laughed Dorothy.

"I saw your picture in Sunday's paper."

"Wasn't it wonderful?"

Bob could scarcely believe his ears. "It was atrocious," he said. "It was a scandal."

"There isn't a girl on Broadway who wouldn't have given her eye teeth for that ad," interrupted Margot. "It was a peach.

Honest to gawd, the papers haven't printed my picture since I was working for Weber & Fields in the Herald Square theatre."

"The picture was an outrage," said Bob, setting his jaw firmly.

"Don't be a boob," snapped Dorothy. That picture will make me in New York. I am going to do a dance alone next week."

"And get ten bucks more per," added Margot, not without a bit of pride in her tone, for it was Margot who got Dorothy the place in the chorus. "That kid's going to make good, take it from me."

At this juncture Dorothy was called to the telephone and as soon as she had gone, much to the dismay of Bob, Margot leaned her mop of red hair toward him and whispered confidentially:

"You're taking the wrong tack with Dorothy, do you know it?"

"But, she's changed—she's different," said Bob.

"Kid her along, that's the way," advised Margot. "Broadway has gone to her head, like it goes to every one's head for the first year or two. I've been with that kid every night and I'm telling you, she's all right."

"She doesn't talk like it."

"Now, don't make the mistake of being an oil-can," said Margot. "Take some interest in her 'career' as she calls it. Gosh! I started out for a career once myself and now look at the darned thing," and Margot produced a small mirror and a puff and powdered her nose. "Do I look like a career?"

"You are very lovely," replied Bob.

"No, I'm not. Say, what I haven't learned in this town—buhlieve me. That's the reason I know about this girl of yours. She doesn't love anybody right now. She can't see you and she can't see anybody. All she can see is her name in electric lights and she won't be happy till she gets it. She is just naturally full of New York—drunk on it. Don't pester her, that's all. Let her have her head and I'll bet my next season's salary against a second-hand Ford that she comes out O. K. She's the right sort.

"But the clothes," interrupted Bob.

"Oh, she has got a few friends, of course, but believe me, she's straight. People just like to give pretty things to pretty women. She can't see one of those Johns with a telescope. She wouldn't let one of 'em hold her hand."

"But, I don't see——".

(Continued on page 28)

They Toil and Then They Take a Spin

Ethel Clayton



*Doris
May*



*Kathlyn
Williams*



*Bebe
Daniels*

DOROTHY DALE'S CAREER

(Continued from page 26)

"Of course you don't see. You're a hick. You don't know how things go here. Some of these fools in New York would give a swell looking girl a diamond necklace just to be seen in a public restaurant with her."

"But, I have always read——"

"Sure you have. So has every stranger that ever came to this town. He has read that every chorus girl is crooked. People have done too much reading about this old street—too much that isn't true. I suppose if you should see your little friend here living in an apartment uptown and riding in a limousine, you would have your doubts about her."

"I sure would."

"You'll learn, if you stick around long enough. And let me give you another tip. Don't try to get her to go to any cheap restaurant. She is just naturally so puffed up with pride that she can't see straight. Don't make yourself obnoxious and don't hang around waiting for her after performances. That's the prize boob trick of all. See her once in awhile, go blooey over her career and treat her like a spoiled child, and you win. Have I made myself plain?"

"You have, but I don't believe you. I think she is going straight to hell."

"Oh boy. I didn't think they shipped 'em in as raw as that."

"She was always a decent girl."

"She's decent now, or she wouldn't be living with me."

"But, what's she going to be?"

"She's going to be just a plain ordinary dam little fool for a while, the same as we have all been. But she's clean. Say—I thought you loved this girl."

"I do."

"If anybody loved me that way, I'd bounce a jardinier off his knob and send back all the presents."

"Who's she talking to now on the phone?"

"How should I know? Probably some kid with a lot of dough."

"But why——"

"Say now, listen. I like you. You look like the right sort and I want to set you straight. Don't pull any of the old home stuff on her and don't be a boob. She has expensive notions now——"

"So I notice," replied Bob looking ruefully at the check.

"I'll bet you that she demands a taxicab

when we leave here—and it's only a block to the theatre. I'll bet you an Italian dinner."

"She won't do that."

"Is it a bet?"

"It is."

Dorothy returned from the telephone, radiant and apparently bursting with news which was for Margot's ear alone. It was about an engagement that she had made for them after the theater—a supper party.

Bob paid the check and they started for the door. Reaching it, Bob started down the street, but Dorothy went straight across the sidewalk with the unerring aim of a chorus lady heading for a taxicab.

"We must take a cab," she called to Bob.

"For only a block?" asked Bob.

"Certainly," said Dorothy. "Jump in."

Margot took occasion to nudge Bob with her elbow and hiss: "Remember the bet."

At the stage door Dorothy thanked Bob for the dinner and said: "Well, I must be running in, now. I'll see you again some time, I hope."

Not a word about his business advancement.

"I would like to see you often, Dorothy."

"Oh yes, of course, but I'm dreadfully busy——"

"Can't I wait for you after the show?"

"No, not tonight."

"Why?"

"I am going to be busy."

"When can I come and see you—tomorrow night?"

"No, not tomorrow night."

"Now, look here, Dorothy, is this treating me square. You know what we used to be to each other. Can't I see you tomorrow?"

"No, not tomorrow."

"Why?"

At this juncture, Bob felt the impact of a well-aimed blow. It seemed to strike him in about the middle of the spine and seemed to have been delivered with a sharp elbow. The elbow, he felt intuitively belonged to Margot and, being a young man of more than ordinary sense, he appreciated its import. It meant for him to stop making a nuisance of himself—in others words, to beat it. At the same moment, he felt a card being thrust in his hand.

Bob raised his hat and left. He was crushed—hurt beyond words.

He did not think of the card in his hand until he reached the corner. He stopped before a lighted window and read the mes-

(Continued on page 30)

Every Summer Girl

YOU know her.
What?

Don't know Every Summergirl?

Listen—

Every Summergirl is a charming creature made up of one part tan, one part freckles, one part dancing, one part giggling, one part ruffles and ten parts of hobby to collect solitaires.

Every Summergirl loves ice cream—and ice cream soda and boating and dancing and confectionery and motor rides.

Every Summergirl falls desperately in love with some young man and loves him devotedly and faithfully—for two weeks.

Every Summergirl has no more worries than a butterfly and about as much stability.

Every Summergirl loves Every Summerboy.

You know her—she puts on a dizzy, fluffy gown and a cerise sweater and takes a zebra-stripe parasol and trips daintily down the village street to the postoffice to look for letters, although the mail is delivered at the hotel and she knows it.

If three native young men stand and stare at her the while they blink and swallow and unswallow their adam's apple, her trip was a success.

She plays a little rag on the piano—she knows the latest dancing steps, she knows the latest styles, she knows how to use cosmetics, but she doesn't know whether a loaf of bread is made by frying whole wheat or parboiling pumpkins.

Every Summergirl has a charming and daring bathing suit, because she certainly loves water—when there is lemon juice, sugar, fruit and a dash of claret and a straw in it.

Every Summergirl hates old lady gossip at Summer resorts, and says so year after year until she ceases to be a Summergirl and becomes Everymatron and goes to Summer resorts and sits on the veranda and criticizes the Summergirls and exchanges cake recipes and hospital experiences with other ex-Summergirls.



*Rosie Quinn,
dainty star
on the Cen-
tury Roof
in the "Mid-
night Roun-
ders."*

DOROTHY DALE'S CAREER

(Continued from page 28)

sage. It was a scrawl done in lead pencil by the hand of Margot and read:

"DON'T WORRY. LOSE YOURSELF FOR AWHILE."

Absent-mindedly Bob turned over to see what was on the engraved side of Margot's cards. The engraving on the card read:

J. Mortimer Pilkington.

Stocks and Bonds,

367 Wall St., New York.

So Margot was not without friends, either. This, instead of reassuring Bob, made him the more suspicious. He had wanted to believe in Margot.

For a full month the young man buried himself in his work. He made one or two ineffectual attempts to see Dorothy. Often he read of her in the papers but strangely enough, the complimentary notices did not please him. She was being hailed as the new beauty. The illustrated papers showed her in a dozen poses.

His work prospered because he put his whole soul into it. He would soon be on a money-making basis and he went at the task desperately.

Then, on a never-to-be-forgotten afternoon he saw Dorothy. He was walking up Fifth avenue when he saw her pass in a limousine. Beside her was seated a prosperous looking gentleman and they were laughing and chatting.

He stood and stared after the car and then he went into a cigar store on the corner and called Margot's number. He got her immediately.

"I have just seen Dorothy riding on Fifth avenue with a man," he blurted out before he took the trouble to say "hello."

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it?" he repeated. "Who is he, anyhow?"

"How should I know?"

"Well, don't you?"

"No. I haven't seen Dorothy for a week."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Conversation On the 5:15

"QUIT jabbing your knee against my hip. How do you get that way? For Mike's sake let me get it home without smashin' it. I had trouble enough getting it."

"I know where you can get some genuine Old Taylor for six bucks—full quarts, too."

"Aw, shut up!"

"Another guy says he can get all we want but we gotta pay him 10 bucks a case for bringing it as he has to take a risk. I had a sample of it yesterday and—"

"Joe knows a place where they sell the real old stuff right over the bar—four bits a shot. It's just as good stuff as he ever—"

"Do you believe a wet candidate will have a chance? Or dontcha?"

"He'll have the same chance as a celluloid cat in a bonfire. Do you know I can tell you who will have the best show in November?"

"Whoozat?"

"Flo Ziegfeld. Say stop crowding against my hip, willya?"

"You ain't got the only hip on the train. It will be a great election won't it?"

"Howzat?"

"All hips and no hurrahs."

"We all gotta prescription in our burg. Nobody can touch us a-tall."

"Where do you all get those things, any-

how, Wilmot?"

"Our druggist has got a doctor running his soda fountain."

"Do you think the old stuff will ever come back?"

"Sure. Like Jeffries did. But, so far as I can see it ain't went anywhere yet."

"Maybe Congress'll do something."

"Sure. Congress'll do something. It always does something. It adjourns."

"Did you go to the dry banquet the other night in your town?"

"You know it. I hauled five of 'em home in my car and stood 'em up against their front doors after it was over."

"Well, it ain't like the old days, anyhow."

"Sure it ain't. In the old days, they could have got home under their own power. Nowadays they stay all night if somebody don't drag 'em home and ring the doorbell for 'em."

"I see Caruso had his wine cellar robbed and they took all his hooch."

"Soft for him. He was in Havana at the time. If I could be in Havana, they could have my cellar and everything in it including the furnace."

"You goin' to be at home tonight, Wilmot?"

"Not so you could notice it. Not with this quart. I am going to be at home but I am not going to be at home to callers."

If They Were Writing Plays Today

New York, August 1, 1920.

MR. RICHARD BRINDSLEY SHERIDAN,
London, England.

DEAR MR. SHERIDAN: We have carefully examined the play, "The School for Scandal," which you so kindly submitted to us but we cannot produce it. The rejection of any play does not imply lack of merit, but simply means that we will not take a chance on it. Doubtless in time, you will learn how to write plays that will appeal to the public. We will be glad to look over any work you may do in the future, if you decide to continue writing plays. Of course we cannot go into a detailed criticism of "The School for Scandal."

Sincerely yours,

EARL & KLAHAMMER.

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
Stratford, Eng.

DEAR SIR: Thank you for submitting your new play, "Macbeth," for our inspection. Frankly, we do not see much merit in this melodrama. The murder should be committed on the open stage, and there are no thumb-print experts or chemists to trail the murderer. The work lacks dramatic effect. There should be a few chorus numbers in the third act. The comedy element is weak. Referring to your play "Romeo and Juliet," we would say that it lacks originality. There are no automobile elopements or bathing suit scenes in it. To make it a success there should also be a bed-room scene with Juliet in the wrong room. Also Romeo should use an airplane instead of a rope ladder. Altogether the piece is mediocre.

Cordially yours,

BINX & JINX THEATRE CORP.

MR. W. S. GILBERT, MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN,
London, Eng.

GENTLEMEN: We are returning herewith the manuscript and score of "Pinafore," which we consider inadequate for our purposes. The girl numbers are not strong enough. The piece contains no jazz and the music is crude. You have made the mistake of injecting a plot into your piece and you have entirely omitted the shimmy dancing and the oriental numbers. We do not feel like investing any money in a production of this piece. "Pinafore" contains the same objections as "The Mikado," which we returned last week. We do not see the elements of success in either one.

Yours sincerely,

MURPHY & FINKLESTEIN, Producers,

The Giver and The Gift

ALTHOUGH the Christmas rush hasn't begun yet, it is just as well to map out your Christmas giving now. Then you can lay the map away in moth balls until you need it.

We believe that a movement should be started to create sentiment for the giving of memorable gifts. The war is over, and those who have the coin should make an outlay of greater dimensions than they have in the past.

For the convenience of those who wish to prepare their lists now we append two tables, one for the guidance of the very wealthy and one for the guidance of those less fortunate. By following these suggestions those who can't afford to make elaborate expenditures will be enabled to

keep within their means, while those who roll in wealth will be making presents of genuine novelty, which at the same time are sure to be welcomed by their less fortunate relations.

TABLE I.—FOR THE WEALTHY.

For Uncle Ned—A small tenderloin steak.

For Aunt Susan—A half-dozen eggs.

For Cousin Frank—One pound of butter.

For Grandpa—Three lamb chops.

For Grandma—a few slices of bacon.

TABLE II.—FOR THE REST OF US.

For Uncle Ned—A Christmas card.

For Aunt Susan—A Christmas card.

For Cousin Frank—A Christmas card.

For Grandpa—A Christmas card.

For Grandma—A Christmas card.

The Month's Mirth

DOLLY had been praying for a long time for a baby sister.

The other morning her mother, reading the paper, exclaimed: "I see Mrs. Smith has a little daughter!"

"How do you know that?" asked the child.

"I read it in the paper," answered her mother.

"Read it to me," said the daughter.

The mother read: "Born, on May 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, a daughter."

The child thought for a moment. Then she said:—

"Mummie, I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to stop praying and begin advertising."

A CLASS in French at a co-ed college was orally translating a story about a cow from French into English.

One girl persistently called the cow "he" a number of times, until the professor stopped her short and said: "He is she, miss; we milk her in the next sentence."

"DEAR me," said the worried mother, "what is baby crying for?"

"He's cross with me, mother," said Dolly. "I was trying to make him smile with the glove-stretcher."

THE other day Harold Lloyd, who is starring in his own comedies for Pathe, hurried into a quick lunch room for a bite to eat. He said to the dusky attendant, "I want a small steak."

"Does you want a sixty-cent steak or a seventy-cent steak?" said the ebony waiter.

"Well, what's the difference between the two?" asked Lloyd.

"Why with the seventy-cent steak you gets a sharper knife."

Lloyd took baked beans.

THE photographer's clerk was very pre-occupied in showing some samples of work to prospective sitters when Patrick Maloney stalked into the studio and intimated that he would like to know what the pictures were worth.

"Like that, five shillings a dozen," said the girl, handing him one.

Pat gazed long and earnestly at the photograph of a very small baby sitting in a wash basin.

"Shure, now," Pat shyly asked, "pwhat would it cost wid me clothes on?"

A FURRIER was selling a coat to a lady customer.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, "I guarantee this to be genuine skunk for that will wear for years."

"But suppose I get it wet in the rain," asked the lady, "what effect will the water have on it? Won't it spoil?"

"Madam," answered the furrier, "I have only one answer. Did you ever hear of a skunk carrying an umbrella?"

"YOUR daughter has a fine touch, Mrs. Moriarty."

"Yes, so they be tellin' me; an' sure 'tis no wonder, for she loves the pianny, and niver tires of it; she has a great tashte for moosic, but thin that's only natural, for her gran'father had his skull broke wid a cornet at a timperance picnic."

"JIMMIE," said the merchant solemnly, at the eleventh hour, "we have forgotten to get a fresh supply of stamps."

And the office boy, in his excitement, responded with "Goodness, sir, so we have! If we ain't a couple of blunder-headed idiots!"

THE theatre was in an uproar.

"They're calling for the author," said the stage manager.

"Oh, but I can't make a speech!" replied the man responsible for the play.

The manager grabbed the trembling writer firmly and impelled him along the passage. As he shoved him towards the curtain he said curtly:

"Well, just go out in front and tell 'em you're sorry."

THERE was a young lady from Siam Who had a bold lover named Priam.

"I don't want to be kissed.

But if you insist,
Heaven knows you are stronger than I am."

HIS father had taken him out to the golf course. That evening he seemed to be ill at ease.

"Willie," said his mother, "what is the matter with you? I wish you'd stop scratching yourself."

"I don't know what's the matter, but I guess I must have got some of those golf bugs on me," was Willie's reply.

Who's Who and What's What In Pictures

Curls:—Mildred Davis is Harold Lloyd's leading lady. She has appeared in Mutual, Metro, Bluebird and Pathe Pictures.

Gray Eyes:—Eva Novak is Jane Novak's sister.

Jessica:—Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee in "The Prince Chap."

Mary Ann:—Mary Pickford's latest picture is called "Suds."

J. K. B. Richard Barthelmess is to be married shortly to Mary Hayes, the beautiful Follies girl. She will play opposite Richard in "Way Down East."

Evelyn L.:—Norma Talmage's latest picture is "Yes or No."

Bluie:—Monte Blue is in Los Angeles.

Frencie:—Conway Tearle is married to Adele Rowland; she is now playing in "Irene" on Broadway at the present time.

Geraldine:—Constance Talmage is not married. Norma is Her husband is Jos. Schenck.

Happy:—Harold Goodwin played opposite Mary Pickford.

The Heavenly Twins:—Yes, it is true that Clarine Seymour died on April 25th at the Misericordia Hospital, New York City, following an operation. Her latest picture was "The Idol Dancer." Yes, she did play in "Scarlet Days."

Jeanette:—Pearl White is with Fox now. Her first picture, "The White Moll," will be released in August.

Wm. Mac.:—Dolores Casinelli was born in Italy. Has black hair and dark blue eyes and is 5 ft. 7 in. high. She speaks English, Italian, French and Portuguese.

Great:—It is said that green eyes photograph better than any other color, so if you have green eyes you may have a chance.

Sweet Sixteen:—Alice Joyce's next picture will be "The Prey."

Loretta:—Justine Johnson is about to enter the moving picture field, having been signed by Realart.

Broadwayite:—Wallace Reid's latest picture is "Sick Abed."

Wallace:—Holbrook Blinn will appear next season in a new comedy by Porter Emerson Browne entitled, "Borderland."

Jenny:—Elsie Ferguson's next picture will be "Lady Rose's Daughter."

Movie Fan:—Mabel Normand was born on Staten Island, her parents still live there. Before going into pictures she was a model together with Justine Johnson, Alice Joyce, Anna Q. Nielsen and numberless other leading picture players of today.

Mary Mad:—It was more than ten years ago that Mary Pickford appeared on the stage. She was with the old Biograph Company in 1910. She and her husband are in England now; didn't you know that? I thought every one did.

Grace:—I think that if you write to any one of the players you mention and ask them for their photograph they will be pleased to send it to you, but be sure and enclose Twenty-Five Cents.

Tweeney:—Billie Burke is married to Florenz Ziegfeld and they have one little girl. Yes she was a chorus girl a number of years ago.

Gerald:—Wallace Reid is thirty years old, married to Dorothy Davenport and has one child, a boy, I believe.

Louise:—Thomas W. Ross is appearing as Jim Calender, the London bouncer in Metro's production, "The Marriage of Mayfair." His next picture will be "Fine Feathers," in which he will play Dick Meade, the newspaper man.

Gwen:—Courtney Foote is now in Metro pictures playing the lead in "The Rover." He played on Broadway this season in "Adam and Eva." Yes, he is an Englishman.

Just What the Doctor
Ordered!

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